

THE OREAD.

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THE OREAD.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS.

APRIL, 1869.

With the opening of the New Year, we issue the first number of the Oread. It will be a sheet of sixteen pages, published monthly, under the direction of the members of the Oread Society, and its columns will be open to contributions not only from the present class of students, but from such of the former pupils as may choose to communicate with us. While our prominent design is the intellectual improvement of the pupils, our aim shall also be to furnish profitable and entertaining reading matter for all.

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THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it;
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth;
The grass is green and the flowers are bright;
Though the winter storm prevailleth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eye still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will still peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling;
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder.
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.—*Eclectic.*

JANET'S EXPERIENCE.

Janet sat dreaming on the lower step of the broad, low-roofed porch, with her chin resting on one brown little hand, and a misty depth of light in her clear gray eyes—dreaming, as girls of eighteen will dream, of a future, far off and radiant, that somehow never resolves itself into the present—a to-morrow that never becomes to-day!

The old clock on the kitchen shelf had just struck four—the afternoon sunshine was showering down, in a sort of golden spray, through the low boughs of the great old cherry-tree, where the "red ox-hearts" hung like jeweled pendants; and the busy brown robins flattered in and out, and orange-belted bees kept up a low, murmurous hum, like breakers, far out on the sunny air.

She was a rosy, little lass, this heroine of ours, with round cheeks where the crimson of perfect health glowed through a veil of sunburn,

and a dimpled mouth red and fragrant as a clove pink—a genuine country girl, as unconsciously graceful in all her movements as the silver-green wheat now rippling in the summer breeze. Not an orthodox beauty, but a very lovely, lovable little personage as she sat there in her brown gingham dress and ruffled white apron, with her sun-bonnet on the porch-floor beside her.

Of what was she musing? The old, old subject of every reverie—the old refrain to every song—*him!* For Janet Roydon was in love—or, at all events, she fancied she was, and it is wonderful how completely Fancy will sometimes assume the throne of Reality.

As she sat there smiling to herself, with drooping lashes and fleeting rose-shadows on her cheek, a firm, quick footstep sounded on the garden path, where long sprays of spicy sweet-brier trailed, and double rows of currant-bushes hung full of ruby-sparkling fringes in the level sunbeams—Thorne Millington's step.

"Janet," he said, pleadingly, "will you walk up Craig Hill with me this afternoon? The young people of the villiage are all going, and you see how delightful the weather is. Come, Janet, it is so long since you walked with me!"

No—Janet wouldn't. Thorne Millington looked hurt.

"Why not?"

"I don't know that I am obliged to render a reason for every action of my life. It is too warm; besides, I am tired."

Thorne looked at her with a

mournful, incredulous gravity in his dark eyes.

"You would not have answered me so once, Janet."

Janet tossed her pretty little satin-smooth head until the hair-pins trembled among its braids.

"I suppose I am free to select my own mode of speech, Thorne Millington."

"Free? Yes, Janet, since you wish to be free."

Janet was silent. Apparently she was intently comparing the stripes on two blades of ribbon-grass that hung over the wooden step at her side, but Millington was not so easily repulsed. We cling with wondrous tenacity to life, and to Thorne the love that had grown in his heart for pretty, willful Janet Roydon was something stronger and better than life.

"Why don't you say at once that you are expecting your fine city lover? he questioned, somewhat bitterly. Janet lifted her head, blushing and indignant.

"Thorne, you are going too far. You have no right to catechise me so."

"Have I not, Janet?" he questioned in tones when the sharp pain seemed to pierce through the words.

"Certainly you have not."

"Well—I will intrude no longer. I see that your thoughts and mind are elsewhere."

He paused a moment, perhaps hoping that Janet might speak a word to detain him. But she did not; and the next moment she was alone in the yellow glow of the afternoon sunshine.

It might have been five minutes—it might have been ten—that she sat there counting ribbon-grass blades, and listening to the drowsy hum of bees and insects; and

then there was another click of the little wicket gate—another footstep ringing clearly on the graveled path.

(Ah! if Thorne Millington could have seen the upflushing crimson of her cheek, the brightening sparkle of her eyes now, he would have fallen more hopelessly into the clutches of the "green-eyed monster" than he already was—and that was, to say the least of it, quite unnecessary.)

"Janet! My little wild rose! All alone?"

He was handsome, with his black, flashing eyes, and his silky rings of dark shining hair, and his white, shapely hands, as he came up to her with a caressing familiarity of voice and manner that bespoke no uncertainty as to his reception.

"Oh, Sydney, I'm so glad you happened to come this afternoon! Uncle and aunt are gone out."

"Come, that's lucky," said Mr. Sydney Fairfax, establishing himself on the lower step at her feet, and possessing himself of one of her hands with a sort of easy gallantry that "told" fearfully against the respectful reverence in which Thorne Millington was wont to hold the wayward beauty.

"They are so cross?" pouted Janet.

"The old Vandals?" interjected Mr. Fairfax,

"Because, you know," went on Janet, "they like Thorne Millington—"

"Speaks very badly for their taste," said Fairfax. Janet laughed and colored.

"But Sydney, it makes it very bad for me. I am very miserable, and when you are gone—"

"Don't fret *ma cara*; I shall come back to claim you soon, and

then they may scold the ends of their tongues off! There; smile again, my little Queen of Hearts. I don't like to see the least shadow eclipsing the light of those eyes?"

And Janet did "smile again." Somehow in the glamour of his presence she forgot all the questions she had meant to ask—the explanations that should have been demanded.

At length he rose up to depart.

"I have lingered too long already, Janet; but I could not bear to tell you that I am going back to New York to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning?"

Sydney Fairfax would have been more than mortal had he not been gratified with the unconscious flattery conveyed in Janet's paling cheek and dilated eyes! And, striving to soothe her, he almost forgot, for the time being, that he was playing a part.

It was nearly a week afterward, when Aunt Thyrza Rydon—the kindest soul in the world, but a little prejudiced and opinionated withal, as your kind souls often are—brought her knitting work into the porch where Janet sat, idly pulling the honey-suckle cups apart.

"Child, what are you dreaming about?"

"Nothing?" answered the girl, a little petulantly.

"You've grown so shiftless of late! Do go up stairs and bring down your new calico; you might just as well run up the breadths as to be doing nothing!"

"I am not in a hurry for the dress, aunt!"

"Then, finish altering my brown foulard."

"I don't feel like it, aunt!"

Mrs. Roydon eyed her niece keenly through her silver-rimmed spectacles.

"Janet! what on earth ails you?"

"Nothing, aunt!"

"And what's the reason Thorne Millington don't come here any more?"

"I am not Thorne Millington's keeper, Aunt Thyrza," answered Janet, with spirit.

Mrs. Roydon was about to require an expiation in full from her capricious niece, when her impending torrent of words was checked by the appearance of Uncle Matthew coming up the walk.

"I've been to the post-office," quoth Uncle Matthew, fanning himself with the wide brim of his straw-hat; "and here's a letter for Janet, with the New York postmark. Who's it from my girl?" as Janet caught it from his hand, reddening and paling alternately.

"It's from Mr. Fairfax!"

"From Mr. Fairfax, eh? Uncle Matthew's brows contracted gloomily. "And it's for that good-for-nothing puppy you've thrown Thorne Millington over, eh? Give me back the letter, Janet; let me return it to him. I don't like my girl to be corresponding with such as he!"

But Janet held tightly on to the precious missive.

"It's my letter, Uncle Matthew! and you must not speak so slightly of Mr. Fairfax. I am engaged to him!"

Aunt Thyrza dropped her knitting-work. Uncle Matthew stared.

"This won't do, Janet; you must give him up! Why, what do we know of him? A mere city adventurer; while Thorne Millington—"

"I'm tired of hearing of Thorne Millington!" interrupted Janet, trying desperately to keep back the the indignant tears, "and I will not give Sydney up!"

"Janet!"

"No! I will *never* give him up!"

"Then you must give *us* up, child," said the old man, gravely;

"I will be obeyed."

Janet ran up to her own room, flushed and sobbing, to read her precious letter. Oh, if Sydney could but know how she was tryanized over! and in her secret soul Janet resolved to break these bonds!

Presently she came down stairs again, with red eyes and resolutely compressed lips. Uncle Matthew and Aunt Thyrza looked up as she entered; they had evidently been talking about her in her absence.

"You are not going to answer that letter, Janet?" said her uncle.

"Milo Fielding tells me that your Mr. Fairfax—"

"I will not listen to a word against him, Uncle Matthew," interposed Janet, biting her lip to keep back even more rebellious words. "I shall certainly answer that letter!"

"Then you are no niece of mine, Janet!"

"Janet—child—listen to reason," urged Aunt Thyrza, anxiously. But Janet would listen to nothing. She went out into the garden, and so through the rustling corn-fields to the road that led to the village post-office.

And the next morning, when Aunt Thyrza went up stairs to call Janet down to breakfast, her little white-draped room was tenantless—the bird had taken wing!

"My goodness gracious!" ejaculated Aunt Thyrza, with uplifted hands. "Matthew! Matthew! Come up stairs, quick! She's been and gone and eloped!"

At the same moment Janet Roydon, in a cozy corner seat in the express train, watched the flying landscape, and wondered, with throbbing heart, what Sydney Fair-

fax would say to her—how he would receive her! Was it not just possible that she had done an unwise thing in thus highly resenting a harsh word or two from the kind uncle who had sheltered and guarded her all her life! But the irrevocable step was taken; it was too late now to return until she returned as Sydney Fairfax's wife! As Sydney Fairfax's wife! Janet grew rosy beneath her brown veil as she thought of the possibility.

New York! What a very Babel of sounding uproar, of dusty tumult it seemed to our little country-bred damsel, as she emerged from the covered depot into the noisy, brilliant street.

"Carriage, m'm! carriage!"

"Yes," said Janet, timidly. "I want to go to No. 815 Mayduke Street."

"All right, m'm!" cried the hackman, banging the door of his vehicle upon his half-terrified "fare," and driving recklessly down the street. Janet drew a long breath, partly of apprehension, partly of relief. Yes, it was too late to go back now.

"Here you are m'm!"

Janet started from her reverie as the Jehu sprang from his seat and opened the door.

"Is *this* Mayduke Street?"

"Yes m'm—No. 815."

It was no balconied mansion of brown stone, draped with wisteria, as Mr. Fairfax so often described his home—no wide street, glittering with stately equipages, as she had been led to suppose, but a tall red-brick house, with wide open door, through which you caught a glimpse of bare floors and carpetless stairs, in a narrow, foul-smelling street, where children played in the gutters, and fifth-rate grocery stores displayed their wares!

She paid the hackman—an ex-

orbitant price, of course—and dismissed him, entering the house with a sinking heart and hesitating footstep.

A coarse-looking woman met her in the hall.

"Does Mr. Fairfax live here?" asked Janet.

"Mr. Fairfax? Are you one of his friends?" demanded the woman.

Janet colored in spite of herself, but before she could frame an appropriate answer in her confusion, the woman went on.

"Sydney Fairfax—Algernon Ryder—Fitz-Albyn Clare. Call him any name you please, they all belong to him; and a precious scoundrel he is; took up for counterfeiting only last night, and his poor wife—"

"His wife!"

"Yes. If she hadn't been down sick through his neglect and brutality I'd ha' turned her out o' doors; for *my* home has always been a respectable one, and not a red cent of his board have I ever seen! I knew he was a scamp, mind you, because he—"

"Stop! There must surely be some mistake!"

"If it's Sydney Fairfax you're wanting to see, there's no mistake, more's the pity. Was you wantin' to see his wife? She has been goin' out of one fit and into another ever since six o'clock this morning!"

But Janet turned away with a chill shudder at her heart. How near she had come to the brink of her own ruin! Married—and a counterfeiter at that! She remembered how confidently she had "lent" him her little savings—only fifty dollars—"just for a day or two—an unexpected emergency!" But it was not for the money she cared, only—only—

With difficulty she repressed her tears of keen mortification in the presence of that hard-faced woman.

"No," she said, abruptly. "My business was with Mr. Fairfax, and since he's not here I will go back!"

The afternoon express was just starting when Janet, pale, weary, and jaded, entered one of the rear cars. She glanced hesitatingly along the rows of seats; there was but one empty, and the other half nearest the window was occupied by a gentleman. There was no help for it, however, and she advanced, timidly.

"Is this seat engaged, Sir?"

As the gentleman, with prompt courtesy, rose to give her the place nearest the open window, Janet started involuntarily; it was Thorne Millington!

In the same instant he recognized her.

"Janet!" His voice altered in its intonation from the first accent of eager interest to a cold unimpassioned tone, such as he might have addressed to any stranger who had casually crossed his path. It cut Janet to the heart!

"I beg your pardon, Miss Roydon," he said, ceremoniously, lifting his hat. "I will find another seat."

He was turning away when Janet laid her hand tremulously on his arm.

"Please, Thorne, don't go away from me," she faltered. "I am so lonely, and—and—"

Her voice died away into a faint fluttering sort of sob. Thorne Millington turned back again with a strange, not unpleasant tumult at his heart. Somehow, the words seemed to bear a sweet significance far beyond their ordinary import.

"Janet, you know I never should have gone away from you if you yourself had not banished me. But tell me how it happens that you are here and alone."

And Janet told him. All pride, all resentment, all stubborn secretiveness, had died out of her poor, wounded little heart; and the strength and shelter of Thorne Millington's manly presence seem-

ed the sweetest of all refuges.

He made no comment whatever on her story. There was, in his nature, that loyal instinct of chivalrous nobleness that led him scrupulously to abstain from the very semblance of triumphing over a fallen foe. But when, at length, she concluded by once more exclaiming, "Oh, I am so glad you are here, Thorne!" he said, "Do you really mean it, Janet?"

"Oh, Thorne, I do! I do!"

"I will not leave you again, Janet," he said, tenderly, taking her cold hand in his own. "I will stay by your side all my life long now."

And Janet's uplifted eyes, heavy and dewy, yet full of a sweet wistful light, spoke the ample measure of her repentant gratitude.

Aunt Thyrza and Uncle Matthew received their little truant back again to their hearts without a single word of reproach. A hurried sentence or two of explanation whispered to them by Thorne anticipated all unpleasant questioning; and Janet's shy, tender manner was a quite sufficient guarantee of her penitence for the one foolish step of her eighteen-year-old life.

"She's nothing but a child," said good Uncle Matthew Roydon.

"She *was* a child," said Aunt Thyrza softly, wiping her spectacle glasses, "but she's a woman now."

There was a little shadow of depression—a few tears, such as might remind one of a brief summer shower with a rainbow over-arching it—and then Janet's life came back into its old serene channel of happy monotony.

And when the frosts of early October turned the upland woods to crimson and russet-brown, and strewed all the glen-paths with pavements of rustling gold, she married Thorne Millington—as loving and true-hearted a little bride as ever wore the coronal of silver-bright orange-blossoms sacred to brides alone.

And that was the beginning and end of Janet's experience.—*Harper's Bazar.*

ESSAY.

Read by THOMAS MCCracken, before the Student's Re-union Society, at its last annual meeting.

CONCLUDED.

REMEMBER, that the practice of what she describes is toilsome; and that care weighs down the mind, as much as labor fatigues the body. I will place you in a community with others of your kind. I will teach you to sow seed and reap harvests—to prepare their products with the power of water, and make them wholesome with the aid of fire. You shall have weapons to kill—you shall be taught to communicate your words by written characters—to fashion purple robes, to decorate your brow with resplendent gems and burnished gold. *Nay*, more, to you shall be imparted the art of copying the clouds above, and the earth below, in *tints* that rival the setting sunbeams—you shall carve the effigies of men in marble and in molten ores. I shall unravel to you the motions of the stars, as the shepherds learned them while tending their flocks. Behold yon ocean—you shall build oak-ribbed vessels, and equip them with wings. They shall stem the current and advance against the gale. You shall put a bit between the teeth of the wild horse; you shall vault upon his back and outstrip every four footed thing on the green sward—when you spur his flank he will lend wings to your death pointed spear; your limbs shall be garmented in iron, and you shall receive treasures for the ransom of warriors. You shall know how to separate the years, and ascertain the lapse of an hour. Your dwelling shall be impregnable—and no footsteps able to scale its watch towers. *Countless herds*, shall come lowing from the pasture at nightfall to your gates, and

men shall bow to you, as their chieftain.

The youth turned with amazement towards the Goddess—and pondered why a being whose look was radiance and whose gesture a command should be excelled in knowledge and originality by an incubus with a narrow forehead and leathern wings.

“Go on,” said she, to the Demon—“you bid high for this child of earth. Are *your* treasures of education, art and industry exhausted already? Verily your pretensions make me smile, while your ignorance makes me sad. WOULD YOU HAVE THIS HEIR TO THE REALMS OF INTELLECT AND ILLIMITABLE PROGRESS, LIVE IN IGNORANCE OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT, AND PERISH THE VASSAL OF AN INCURIOUS BARBARISM?”

What *I* teach oppresses none—my lessons enlarge the mind, and my industries fortify the body. I leave to the demon, oak-ribbed hulls and sails, that flap in the stagnant air. *Why!* fleets are of hammered iron. I need *no winds* to propel them, and *fear no tempest* to arrest their course. *I move* by fire and water. Their vaporous might, seethes like a volcano, and heaves like an earthquake.

It mocks the rushing spring-tide, it stems the headlong river, it cleaves the zenith, heaving billows as if they were forms of mist. It crosses continents and outstrips the wild fowl in its swift migrations, and the carrier pigeon in its homeward flight.

Why! fabrics fill their woof with web; and *iron fingered weavers* ply the trade, not I. The hand of man, *only* assists his *eye* to watch the tissue, or to stop the punctual automaton. *Why!* looms seem instinct with a life of their own. I forge no armor, no hel-

met, no cuirasses, for my bolts of war pierce granite rocks, and shatter plates of folded steel—*aye, thicker than your outstretched arms can span*. O Incubus, who would teach the youth to write—why not teach him to print also. Ten millions of copies of each word which I have just uttered, can be made to reach the *world* within an hour. I teach whole nations while I talk to a single man. *The Press* is my many mouthed Mercury. As to the Editors—I hope their punishment will not be equal to their circulation—for I see clearly that the public press will abuse its functions.

The godly shepherds were, I grant, the first astronomers—*some* are said to have seen the satellites of Jupiter, with the naked eye.

But, if there are people in the moon, instruments will be constructed which will make them visible to the earth. Far more than this—the astronomer will plant his telescope towards the upper main of space, and predict at what hour, at what minute and second of time, a given star will pass the point where the cross wires of his optical tube intersect each other. Art has no *firmer* friend than I, *I* the tutelar protectress of *all* arts, and foremost among them, of EDUCATION. If Genius, can design the parian statue, and life breathing cartoon, *I* can teach arts which are more than magical in their rapidity and truth.

I tell the sunbeams to sketch all that we behold; castles or clouds, the rack of Heaven or its forked lightnings, tumultuous seas, man's face and form, mountains and cataracts, and, in a second, the picture is finished. The very sunbeam on the plate, I can solidify like a type and print their copies at once.

With an electro-galvanic battery, medallions, engravings, and even statues will be reproduced. The ductile metals once set in motion, will continue night and day without cessation or assistance, till the fac-simile is accomplished.

Is this not *wondrous*—but more wondrous is the fact, that every sentence I speak, can make a circuit of the earth—and my own voice come back to my ears, before I utter another one.

The Goddess paused and then exclaimed: "Hear me! thou slothful Incubus! *It is not ordained* that you shall instruct mankind. You have not a *glimpse* of what will be effected by the *unconscious* influence of education. *You* belong to the race of old-fogy demons, who would keep the earth in its leading strings—and practice what was *always* practiced merely because it was old; whose vision cannot pierce beyond the gloom of the dark ages; who are incapable of guiding the revival of letters; your theories are as greedy as the whirlpool, and as barren as its shore. But *my disciples* will *forever* penetrate the secrets of the Universe and bow to their sublimity. They will imitate, and even surpass, natural phenomena, whilst

ADORING THE ALMIGHTY AUTHOR
OF THEM ALL.

Look, young man, and ye, too, foul demon of sloth and ignorance! look toward the sun—you are only conscious of an overpowering splendor; the eye shrinks from dwelling upon its disk. Can *art* produce a more wondrous blaze of light. *It can.* The same marvelous agent which transmits thought faster than it emanates from the brain—can also assume, under human direction, a *lustrous glory* which dims a *four fold—natural*

sun. Silent, fugitive, and invisible, the electric fluid encircles the terrestrial zones, before you can draw a new breath—so man will bid it to do—and *such is it's speed.* It will solve the most refractory metals as if they were wax—*such is it's power.* It courses in the free air, and corruscates the dome of heaven with auroras; *such is it's protean beauty.*

Man will combine its currents and concentrate its energies, when lo! beside its *insufferable radiance* the sunbeams grow dim—for *such is its effulgence.*

As thus she spake—a dark and thunder laden cloud enveloped the champion of sloth and ignorance in its bosom—but the Goddess of education and human progress, stood erect with her gaze pointed on high, as if to derive fresh thoughts to teach mankind. To teach them how to explode old superstitions, how to check new persecutions, how to establish the *independence* of *man*, and how to VINDICATE THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

This, is the allegory I have conceived to illustrate the progress of education.

For "The Oread."

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You ask why I still persist in remaining in the West, so far from kindred, and my early home. "Come back" you write, "come back, where you can enjoy the privileges of a more advanced and refined state of society, and the companionship of those that wait with open arms and hearts to receive you."

My dear friend, many thanks for your kind regards, and enticing entreaties to return to you. Do not think, because your home is yet in the Empire State, that that State is the only place in the world in which to have a home, and the comforts of civilization and refinement. All honor to the grand old State, yet my

adopted home claims equal homage.

Illinois is one of the leading States in the west, soon to be one of the first in the Union in point of wealth and educational advantages, as her many first class schools and colleges even now do testify. Look at her numerous rivers and railroads that intersect each other, as they traverse her broad domains, connecting her inland sea, Lake Michigan, with the noble Ohio and, also, with the Father of waters, thus extending her commerce through the South to the far distant Ocean.

In the same manner, too, are we connected with the mining and lumber regions of the North, whose inexhaustable stores will supply, for hundreds of years to come, the many busy forges and hands of her active population.

From Chicago, the great western mart, vessels laden with the products of our own soil, find their way through that wonderful chain of water to the Gulf of St. Lawrence across the broad Atlantic, carrying their precious cargoes directly to some foreign port, to feed the hungry thousands of the overburdened nations. In short, Illinois has within her borders alone the element of a great nation.

Look, too, at her many noble men and women. Who, in our recent struggle for life, more readily responded to the nation's call than Illinois? A martyred Lincoln, a General Grant, now our honored President, Representatives Washburne and Arnold, the latter, author of that excellent work, the "Life of Lincoln and the Downfall of Slavery." These, with many others equally good and true, were her sons, either by birth or adoption. The lamented Douglass, too, had made Illinois his home; and in her soil, his loved remains lie buried. Over his grave, his countrymen have raised a fitting monument to his undying love of country.

Her honorable women are not a few. Their hearts and hands were all engaged in the great and good work of caring for her noble sons, who

went forth from their happy and luxurious homes to battle for the life of the government. The recent work by Mrs. Sarah E. Henshaw of Ottawa, Illinois, entitled "History of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission," will give you an idea of the immense work done in the good cause by our western women.

You will please remember that Illinois is but a younger sister in comparison to the Empire State, not yet having the dignity of womanhood.

I admire the enterprise and activity of the western people, the broad and fertile prairies, true emblems of the generous hearts and noble minds that inhabit them.

But while my heart cherishes with pride my adopted state, my love extends to all my native land, yes, my dear, my noble country. The foul blot that has so long tarnished its escutcheon, is now washed away with the blood of her sons and we are "truly the land of the free and the home of the brave."

But space forbids me to write more at present. In my next letter, I will give you some idea of our educational facilities.

Yours truly, Mrs. B.
Mt. Carroll Sem., Ills., March 10, 1869.

For "The Oread."

SUNBEAMS.

Through the vast regions of space which intervene between our world and the mighty center of our solar system, countless beams of light wend their way toward the earth, to gladden its solemn face, and make it smile in beauty and loveliness. Dark browed Night flies at the appearance of the first golden ray, and gray Morning blushes in roseate hued beauty as she beholds this messenger from the King of Day.

Soft and subdued is their earliest light, but they rapidly increase in number and intensity, until, as if by magic, they throw a flood of golden glory over hill and dale. The daintily colored flowers acquire an additional tint from the brightening light

and, as they lift their drooping heads, showers of fairy tears sparkle for a moment, then disappear. The delicate plants, chilled by Night's cool breath, are infused with new life by the reviving power of the sunbeams, and spring up with renewed vigor.

The mist that hung so heavily over the rippling stream has passed away, and the waters gleam in the bright sunshine. Beautiful sunbeam, is this thy mission to chase away the shadows, and make all things joyous and happy as thyself?

Oh, a lovely mission is thine, and they do well who pattern after thee.

Life has its shadows, its mists, its tears; kind words and loving deeds are the sunbeams by whose power they are dispelled.

When the heart is sad, and weary of the life which has become burdensome, how signal the effect of a kind word, a loving deed which shows that there are some in this cold-hearted world who care for the happiness of others.

Little messenger of peace, gladly do we welcome thee to our mundane sphere, and thankful are we for thy silent teachings.

For "The Oread."

RUINS.

We hear a voice from across the ocean, deep and low with tales of ancient grandeur. There are lessons that it teaches but none more true, more appalling, than those taught us by time in his silent march. Mighty changes have been effected by his hand. Heroes have fallen before his relentless scythe. There is something in the word ruin without the reality that awes us.

A pile of fragments that once called forth all the skill of the artist; there was a time when bright in the majesty of its finished splendor, it towered toward heaven and drank in the sun's bright rays, or proudly withstood the storm. Is it a temple? There was once a time when the chant rose loud and clear and the white robed priests gave holy incense upon its altar.

Is it a senate? There was a day when it rung with the thunder of applause, but is now in ruins. The ivy and moss wreaths it with a grove like beauty, every wind trembles a mournful requiem, and each column and arch are rapidly passing into dust. History tells us of the ravages of time, of stupendous piles all glorious as the hand of the artist could make them whose domes courted the heavens. It tells us of oracles but we hear no response, and the voice of Memnon is hushed. It tells us of palaces but no fair ladies or brave knights tread the dizzy measure. It tells of temples, but they ring with no chant. A hollow sound arises from the tomb, while over triumphant arch and bust and pillar is written vanity of vanities."

But more impressive is the ruined shrine, the hootings of the bird of night, and the creeping ivy as it steals over the crumbling mass. They tell of desolation, the rise and fall of nations, and the frailty of the works of man. Generation after generation live and pass away, leaving no more impression than a name written upon the ocean's sand; a few crumbling fragments, a broken pillar is all that is left us of the past.

For "The Oread."

TO-MORROW.

As the sun sinks to rest in the Western sky, it lingers for a moment, as if to cast a mute blessing upon the weary inhabitants of the earth, then, leaving behind its mellowed rays, passes from sight. A bright youth stands at the gate of a little farm-house taking his last look at the dear old home. He sees the rippling waters of the brook where he played when a little child, the meadows the hills, the orchard. Each spot seems like a familiar friend. The trees no longer cast their shadows at his feet; but their leaves tremble in the cool evening's breeze, and gently whisper "Good-bye, To-morrow."

Unconsciously he repeats the words, each time with added sadness. To-morrow will find him many miles from that pleasant spot, for he must leave his childhood's

home and fight life's battle among strangers. No wonder that the morrow has for him so peculiar an interest. Years succeed each other, but the mighty interval of time is connected by many To-morrows.

A little child leans from the window of her quiet home, watching the sky and noting with an artist's eye the beauty of the sunset. A merry song bursts from her lips as she thinks of the joy "To-morrow" will bring. They are to have a grand picnic in the woods, with music, flowers, light hearts and merry faces.

But these were not all who received that silent blessing from the Sun. The last glimmering rays of light comforted one who felt that she had seen the light of day for the last time. She, too, may be among strangers "To-morrow," but they will be gathered about the throne of Him whom she calls "Father." To-morrow as the morning dawns, angels may come to bear her soul to the gates of Heaven. Hope pictures the morrow with glorious visions; Faith looks to God for their fulfillment.

For "The Oread."

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

One morning just after breakfast, as Frisky was reading the morning paper, and Topsy was washing the dishes, Topsy suddenly said, "Frisky, do you know that it is just one year to-morrow since we were married?" Frisky appeared perfectly unconcerned. She continued: "And I am going to have a party." "Whew!" exclaimed Frisky, wiping his spectacles with the end of his tail, and daintily smoothing his moustache.

"Yes," said she, "I am going to have a party, and the next thing to be done is to make out the invi-

tations which must be sent this afternoon. Now Frisky like a dear, good darling, as you are, tell me whom we shall ask?"

While they are thinking of their invitations, we will tell you who Topsy and Frisky are. Well, they are two kitties, just as wise as ever were seen. Frisky, so named in youth from his sprightliness, was truly a handsome fellow. He usually wore a striped gray suit. He had a finely developed form, long silken moustache, and lastly but most important of all, a charming nose, which was Topsy's chief pride—outside her own charms. At all hours, of the morning, noon, and night, you could hear his gushes of melody.

Now Topsy was just the little wife he needed, or rather, wanted. She was neat, gentle, kind, and over-indulgent. In those days, names always meant something, consequently, we infer that Topsy received her name on account of the beautiful black suit which she invariably wore. All the white that appeared in her attire was a small spot on her throat, which she termed her brooch of pearls. Of this Topsy was exceedingly vain.

"Well," said Topsy, at length, "there is Towser, the dog, whom we must have, although he often teases me; and Speckle, the rooster, and his wife, Biddy; only, I do hope Speckle will not have a bad cold, as usual, for he always will sing in company; and—and—"

"Mr. Pig," suggested Frisky.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed she, "I shall not have that dirty fellow in my house. Why! he will spoil the whole affair."

"But, only think," said Frisky, "how bad he will feel, if we ask all the neighbors except him. He will know it was an intentional slight."

"True," she replied, "I did not think of that," and a tear of sym-

pathy stole to her beautiful eyes. "I will put a mat at this door for him to wipe his feet on, and if he forgets his handkerchief, I will lend him one of yours, and, perhaps, we shall get along very well. Next, we must have dear old Grandmother Tabby. She is so old she doesn't often go out, but I think she will venture this time, for parties don't come every day. I must prepare some little delicacy that will tempt her appetite.

"Then we must ask Dick and Jennie, the canaries. They are not very sociable with us, I know, but we cannot get along without their music. They don't eat much—that is one satisfaction. Then Mr. Drake and his bride would feel terribly slighted if we did not ask them. Oh, yes! I must not forget little Nannie the cosset. Dear little thing! what a beauty she is, and not one bit vain! And—let me see who else is there?"

"Mr. Gander and his lady," again suggested Frisky.

"Those silly things? Why, Frisky! are you going crazy over this party? You surely are, if you think of asking those folks; and, as it is my party, I guess I will have who I please, and I don't associate with the noisy, dirty class. I only invited Mr. Pig out of respect to your feelings—I know he will give us trouble—but this is more than I can stand; and, what is more, I *won't* have them. They need know nothing about it, as they will probably be off boating in the neighboring pond; and, if they should hear of it, we can pretend to have forgotten them."

Frisky shook his head gravely, but said nothing, so she sallied on:

"There is Jack, the monkey; if we don't ask him he will pull every hair out of my head the next time he sees me; and Poll Parrot will forever twit me about it if she is forgotten, so I suppose they must come, too.

"There! I guess that will be enough. It will take me nearly all

day to get dinner for them. And you, Frisky, write the invitations and carry them around. That's a dear, good fellow."

Accordingly the notes, written on finely dressed mouse-skin with the bill of a little bird—Topsy would not like to tell where the latter came from—were duly finished and delivered. Topsy was in a whirl of excitement. She could not sleep at night, for fear she had forgotten something that needed her immediate attention. At last, morning came, and, before ten o'clock arrived, the hour for the company to assemble, Topsy was dressed in her best black silk, and her house was as clean and neat as a pin.

Grandmother Tabby came first, and had ample time before the arrival of the other guests, to complement Topsy upon her improvement in house-wifery; also to peep slyly into the cupboard to see what they were to have for dinner.

Soon Towser and Nannie arrived; then Jack and Poll, Mr. Drake and his lady, Mr. Dick and his fair one,—each giving and receiving the most gracious salutation. In a short time, Speckle, shining like a liveried footman, strutted up, his plain wife walking demurely by his side. He was so hoarse, the sound of his voice frightened Topsy who, good little soul, ran immediately to the kitchen to make some molasses candy for his throat. Just as it was brought in and he had tasted it, Mr. Pig made his appearance. When Topsy saw him, her heart sickened and all her hopes died within her. He was indeed a pitiable sight.

Mr. Pig had never attended a party in all his life; so when the neighbors heard that he was invited a general consultation was held and Mr. Speckle was unanimously chosen to call on Mr. Pig, and in-

form him that this was a dress party. At the same time he was to suggest, delicately of course, that a bath would greatly improve his personal appearance. Mr. Pig had profited by the hint so far as to spend the whole morning in wallowing in a neighboring mud puddle.

On the way he passed a kitchen door, where a kettle of mush was standing to cool. Tempted by the delicious odor he drew near, and thrust his nose to the very bottom; but, finding the mixture rather warm he withdrew it as hastily, and marched away covered with mush to the eyes. This was the finishing touch of his toilet. At the door, he neither waited to clean his feet, nor for summons to enter, but with a series of grunts marched in, leaving behind him great spots of mud on Topsy's clean floor. Topsy screamed and fainted. Frisky, between his efforts to revive her, and to turn out Mr. Pig, could accomplish nothing, and was obliged to ask help from Mr. Towser. This gentleman seized Mr. Pig, who squealed lustily at the rough treatment which he received. Jack, thinking this the signal for fun, seized Grandmother Tabby by the tail, and drew her round the room. Mr. Dick, in getting out of the way, fell into the dish of molasses candy, and Speckle, notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts, could not make a single noise; for Topsy's candy had wrought a perfect cure. Topsy revived, and, by dint of force, Mr. Pig was taken out on the grass, and made to brush his coat and clean his nose. Only on his promising to act like a gentleman in future, was he allowed to remain: In the meantime, order was restored in the house, and all passed pleasantly for some time. Soon dinner was announced. Hence arose a new difficulty for the host and hostess. Where should they

seat Mr. Pig? After a somewhat lengthy consultation, they decided to place him between Messrs. Towser and Speckle, and the company were ushered into the dining room. The table was nicely arranged. There was a bone for Mr. Towser, some fresh cut grass for Nannie, corn for Speckle and Biddie, a dish of nice potato parings for Mr. Pig, a splendid fat mouse for grandmother Tabby, some seeds for Dick and Jennie, grain of various kinds for Mr. Drake and his lady, nuts and apples for Jack, and a cracker for Miss Parrot. Mr. Pig soon dispatched his parings, and reached over to help himself to Speckle's corn. This, Speckle resented with a series of blows with his bill, whereupon the intruder turned to the left, and grabbed his neighbor's bone: Without further ceremony the offended gentleman seized the interloper by the ear and conducted him outside the gate. Jack left his dinner, seated himself on Mr. Pig's back, saw him safe home, then returned and finished his nuts. After the departure of Mr. Pig, peace and harmony prevailed. The afternoon was pleasantly spent in conversation and gossip, and after an early tea, the company separated, delighted with their visit.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.—This is justly called the "Queen of the Monthlies." It is the only real woman's magazine in America.—It is full of good, sound sense, and practical information. It gives away money value in its valuable full-sized patterns with every issue, and contains a mine of interest to every woman in its "Ladies' Club." Published at 838 Broadway, N. Y., \$3 per year. Send 15 cents for a specimen.

SMALL FRUIT INSTRUCTOR, containing plain and practical directions for planting, growing and marketing small fruits.—Price ten cents. PURDY & HANCK, South Bend, Ind. See notice in March number of Oread. Also advertisement in another col.

THE OREAD.

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS:
APRIL, 1869.

Editorial Committee for April.

—O—
MOLLIE E. MILLER,
FLORA B. RAYMOND,
AMELIA MASON.—O—
Address all Communications to Financial
Manager of The Oread.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS!

To every new subscriber to "THE OREAD," will be presented a "view" of the Seminary Building and Grounds, as they now are, taken from a ten inch Electrotyped Plate. To every old subscriber, sending us one new subscriber, will be presented the same premium. Send in the names soon, as we cannot say how long we may continue this rare offer. This "View" will be a nice size to frame, and will be especially valuable to the old students. We do not expect any one of them will miss the opportunity of securing it. We hope to have the views ready for distribution sometime in May, or, at the latest, by the time of the annual students' Re-union in June next. This engraving will be well worth the price of "The Oread," and, as the offer reaches the thousands of old students, we may expect a lively time in receiving new subscribers. The offer is also open to those who have never been connected with the school. Address "Financial Manager"

B. M. WATSON'S CATALOGUE OF GARDEN, FLOWER AND TREE SEEDS. Old Colony Nurseries, Plymouth, Mass. In looking over this Catalogue, we have been surprised to see how many beautiful "varieties" Dame Nature plays upon her harp of flowers, etc., fifty-six varieties of verbenas, thirty of fuschias, &c. This catalogue gives a list of plants for parlor and hot-house cultivation, choice German flower seeds, &c. Notice address, and advertisement.

PERSONAL.

How gratifying the words of cheer, of friendly sympathy and love that we receive almost daily from our old pupils.

A letter from Miss Mamie A. White of Hanover, brought forcibly to mind "Mary—had a—little—lamb." She writes that Sallie Stanford, now Mrs. Hall of Tonica, visited her while on her late wedding tour. Mamie sends subscription for the Oread.

Miss Lizzie James of Sabula is still at home; she has not given up the idea of completing her course of study with us. We hope she may control circumstances, and accomplish her object.

Libbie Johnson of Pleasant Valley sends subscription for "Oread."

A letter from Miss Emma Mason of Polo, says she is teaching Music in an Institution in Indiana. She makes a successful teacher, doubtless, as this is her second year in the same place.

Miss Mattie Lumm has closed her winter term of school, and is now at her home in Sterling.—Mattie makes a successful teacher. She too send subscription for "The Oread."

Miss Nancy Gallup has just closed a six months' term of teaching, near her home. Emma has been teaching in Joe Daviess County during the winter. These two ladies have met with good success in the profession they have chosen. They send subscriptions for "The Oread."

A letter from Miss Eliza Gorman, says she is teaching Music, near Indianapolis. She has a large private class and is laboring hard at her long coveted profession.

Edwin Heffelfinger called on us while on a visit among his relations in Mount Carroll. He is enjoying a farmers life on the pleasant prairies in Grundy Co., Iowa. He brought some choice Ornithological

specimens for the Cabinet. Many thanks for the remembrance.

Miss Eddie Carning of Lena says she has been teaching during the winter, and enjoyed it much. So we infer that her school was a success for where the whole energies are engaged, success is sure.

Miss Laura M. Young of Monee, Ill., is teaching in Sioux City.

She has seventy pupils, and yet succeeds nicely. What a pity Laura could not be one of our Graduating Class in June.

Eddie and Laura both send subscriptions for "The Oread."

Mrs. G. Van Vechton, formerly Miss Emma Humphrey of Mill-edgeville, and her sister Alice, now Mrs. Page, called on us a few days since. They have a pleasant home in Lanark, and seem to be enjoying life without its distracting cares.

They, as well as many others express themselves as *delighted* with "The Oread."

Miss Sophie Shirk has been spending the winter at home. She sends subscription for "The Oread."

Mrs. E. Brookfield of Coleta, formerly Miss Hattie Yager, still retains her interest in her "Alma Mater." She will be remembered as the *first* Boarding pupil in the Mount Carroll Seminary. We hear from her frequently. She is successfully engaged in getting up a club for "The Oread," and has already sent quite a list of names and says more are coming. Hattie is a woman among the chosen few. More of such energetic workers among the "old pupils," would guarantee the success of "The Oread."

A letter from Mrs. E. P. Piersol, formerly Miss Virginia Reel, tells us that her home is now in Oregon, Ogle Co.,

She sends subscription for "The Oread," and thus another name is added to its long list of friends.

Long live "The Oread!" Long live its supporters.

OUR PURCHASING BUREAU.

What are "The Best Text-Books?" "The best selections for Libraries?" "The best Musical Instruments?" "The best places to get these articles?" Similar queries are so often proposed to us by students, especially those who go out as teachers, that we propose to establish a sort of *Purchasing Bureau* in connection with *The Oread*. Anything in the above line, or of school apparatus in general, that the old students may desire for themselves or their schools, we will be happy to order for them, or give the address of parties manufacturing and dealing in the goods, to whom they may make their orders. It is probable, however, that in most cases we can save to the purchasers a handsome per cent. in ordering for them, from the fact of our buying in quantities gives the benefit of a better discount than they can get on a single purchase.

Many of the queries our readers will find answered by looking carefully at the advertising department of "The Oread." Just here we would take the opportunity to say a few words about

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

We are aware but few older established papers can boast of more liberal patronage in this direction. Ours are all of first class, no humbugs finding place in these columns. True we are obliged to give four pages extra in the size of the paper, making it 20 instead of 16 pages as promised to our subscribers, in order to accommodate our advertisers. Yet we have not room enough. Several advertisements are crowded out. We may be obliged to add more extra pages to accommodate them. We trust our readers will see no cause

to complain at this, if we still give them the same number of pages of good reading matter. We would say then

TO ADVERTISERS,

If you have any really good thing you wish to ADVERTISE SUCCESSFULLY, send us *an advertisement*. We will make terms of payment easy, and hereafter try and make room for all that may come.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Within three months from the issue of our first number of "The Oread" we had on our list NINE-TY-ONE regular exchanges, and still they come. These, together with the old list contributed, give about one hundred and twenty different papers for our Reading Room. Among these we have many of the very best Daily, Weekly, Monthly and Quarterly publications, of the country. We acknowledge to a slight feeling of laudable pride in the success of our enterprise. It certainly speaks well for the character of our paper, and for the generous liberality of the publishing fraternity. We are inclined to believe publishers and editors are the most generous souls in the world, and, if the thanks and blessings of ladies are appreciated by them, we can assure all who favor us thus, they shall not want for a reward, for *Blessed are all who remember The Oread* and thus

OUR READING ROOM.

True, *thanks* and *blessings* will not pay the printer, or furnish him fat turkeys, but we propose to do all we can in addition, to compass this end. We give our columns to the notice of as many as possible of our exchanges, from month to month. We will give our influence as editors and as a society while here, and as individuals when we go to our homes, in behalf of those publishers who so kindly remem-

ber us. While every paper in our Reading Room is advertised here to hundreds of different readers annually, it cannot be otherwise than that the mass of them will thereby increase the subscription list of the publishers. Such is our wish and to this end will we labor.

GYMNASTICS AND CALISTHENICS.

"Pale and interesting" young ladies are going out of fashion, at least with us at Mount, Carroll Seminary, and we think it is in a great measure attributable to the attention which is given to physical culture, about one hundred young ladies have determined to forsake the ranks of the languid sisterhood and become strong, straight, healthy women.

They are divided into two classes and are under the direction and instruction of one of Dio Lewis' pupils, Miss R. A. Hull, who follows the New Gymnastic school. The apparatus is the best that could be obtained, having been purchased at an expense of between two and three hundred dollars.

The classes practice on alternate afternoons, and on Friday have a general review in which competition proves a great incentive to each class to do its best. The free Gymnastics, the various dumb-bell, club, wand and ring exercises, and the graceful movements of the Calisthenic exercises, are all practiced to lively Music, and with an energy and precision that speak well for the efficiency and patience of their teacher, and, at the same time, with a vivacity that testifies to the hearty enjoyment of the pupils.

Then, the good work does not end here, for many teachers leave the Seminary every year who will introduce these healthful exercises into our village and country schools, thus hastening the time when women will no longer be debarred from usefulness by a sickly frame and a consequently enervated mind.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS,

Are *all* of interest to our readers. It is now the season of the year that *every body* who has a piece of ground should plant trees, make fruit beds and vegetable gardens and flower beds, &c. We call especial attention to our advertisements in this department. Read them, one and all. Almost every thing in the way of flowers and small fruits can be forwarded by mail and cost no more coming from a distance than from near. Do not delay to make your orders and do not let the season pass without planting something, if only a strawberry bed. Many are wanting Pianos and Organs this spring. We advertise for some of the best dealers in this line. We call attention to them and also to the advertisement of the Principals (F. A. W. Shimer and Gregory) who will give to purchasers of Musical instruments the *best of terms*, both as to prices and terms of payment. Consult them before ordering elsewhere, as we *know* they *can* and *will* give the choice of the *very best* instruments at better figures than you can get elsewhere.

FERRE, BATCHELDER & Co's CATALOGUE OF SEEDS, and Vegetable and Flower-Garden Manual.—Springfield, Mass. This Manual gives instructions for the cultivation of all the varieties of flowers, vegetables, small fruits, &c., with a descriptive list and two valuable tables to which we would call especial attention; one, showing the amount of seed necessary for an acre and the number of pounds in a bushel, the other, giving the kind of seeds that may be sown in each month from February to September, both hot-beds and in open ground. Spring is here. Send ten cents to Ferre, Batchelder & Co. for Manual. Advertisement in another column.

OUR NEW GYMNASTIC APPARATUS

Is justly a source of pride with us. It is probably *superior* in quality and quantity to that furnished in any similar institution in the West. Many are the inquiries made by various parties as to the best place to purchase apparatus. To all who wish any quantity for their schools or classes we would say, make your orders directly to J. W. SCHERMERHORN & Co., No. 14 BOND ST., NEW YORK. Or if you choose, send us your order and we will furnish you in small lots as cheap as you can get any large order filled this side of New York. Address Financial Manager.

EXC ANGES AGAIN.

Our sympathies are excited in looking over the periodical of a neighboring College (male). They boast the same age for their publication that we do for "The Oread," viz.: three months. They give their list of exchanges, less than twenty in number (while we have ninety-one) and very inferior in value to the average of ours. Why this difference Mr. College Editors? Shall we attribute it to the gallantry of the publishing fraternity in favoring the ladies?—Or shall we consider it demonstrated that ladies can conduct a paper almost (?) as well as gentlemen?

PRAIRIE FARMER ANNUAL,

AND ANNUAL AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ADVERTISER FOR 1869. Price 30 cts. Chicago: PRAIRIE FARMER COMPANY.

The table of contents will show the value of this Annual to Farmers, Fruit Growers and Florists, Nurserymen, Seedsmen, Stock-Breeders, &c., &c. 1st, A calendar; 2d, "A Chap. on Flowers;" 3d, "Twelve months with the Bees;" 4th, Entomology; 5th, Pine Worms, and other annoying insects; 6th, Drainage on the Prairies; 7th, Rustic Ornaments, Vineries, and European Larch; 8th, External Imperfections of the

Horse; 9th, Landscape Gardening, &c. We recommend every owner of a Rod of ground, to send for The Annual and for THE PRAIRIE FARMER, published by same company. Subscription price of Prairie Farmer is \$2 per year; will be sent with the "Oread," both for \$2.75 per year.

CATALOGUES, &C., RECEIVED.

HOVEY'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, and Guide to the Flower and Vegetable Garden, for 1869. HOVEY & Co., Importers and Dealers in Seeds, BOSTON, MASS.

Aside from the numerous illustrations and descriptions of flowers, and directions for their cultivation, this catalogue has a list of *new* and *select* vegetable seeds with full directions for the amateur cultivator. In the article upon Floral Gardening are models and descriptions for ornamental beds. Send twenty-five cents to address for catalogue.

CURTIS & COBB'S FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDEN DIRECTORY, and Descriptive Priced List of Flower, Vegetable and Agricultural Seeds. Boston, Mass.: 348 Washington St.

In this catalogue the flower-seeds are arranged in classes, viz., Annuals, Biennials and Triennials, Climbers, Greenhouse, Ornamental Grasses, and Foliage Plants, with remarks annexed to description for the cultivation of each variety. Catalogue, *ten cents*. "Make your home beautiful; bring to it flowers."

FARMERS' AND GARDENERS' ALMANAC, a Descriptive Catalogue of Garden, Grass and Agricultural Seeds, raised for the St. Louis Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store. BLAKE BROS., PRATT & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

A valuable Almanac, containing instructions for every month in the year; a catalogue of Agricultural and Horticultural Books; a descriptive catalogue of Farming and Gardening Implements and Garden Seeds, and a catalogue in both English and German of Garden, Grass and Herb Seeds. Let him who would "do the right thing at the right time" send for this Almanac.

CIRCULAR ON THE MARENGO WINTER CRAB OR SIBERIAN APPLE. C. ANDREWS, Marengo, Ill.

As more attention is being paid to its cultivation and improvement,

the Siberian (do not call it CRAB) Apple is growing in favor, actually getting into good society. We can testify to the deliciousness of a jelly made from a species of this apple. Send ten cents to the address given above and get this circular. Let us, in the Northwest, have all the good things that nature furnishes.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF NEW, RARE AND BEAUTIFUL PLANTS FOR 1869. Washington City, D. C.: JOHN SAUL, Nurseryman, Seed Grower and Importer.

This Catalogue contains all the recent importations of European Flowers, as well as a full list of our own. Mr. SAUL will execute promptly any orders for seeds or plants which may be sent him.—Orders to the amount of five dollars and upwards packed FREE OF CHARGE.

ABRIDGED CATALOGUE AND GARDENERS' ALMANAC FOR 1869. B. K. BLISS & SON, 41 Park Row and 151 Nassau St., N. Y.

This Almanac gives a calendar of operations for every month in the year, select lists of flower-seeds, and a number of fine illustrations. It will be mailed gratuitously to any address in the Union upon the receipt of a three cent stamp.

THE POST OFFICE DIRECTORY, JUST ISSUED BY J. DISTURNELL. LIST OF POST OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES with the names of Post Masters annexed, and an Appendix containing the names of Post Offices arranged by States and Counties. New York: AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY. Chicago, Ill: WESTERN NEWS COMPANY.

The utility of this work is seen by a glance at the title. It contains also a Table of Distances from Washington, D. C., to the county seats of the several States and Territories, Rates of Postage, and other important postal information. All business men should have it. It is one of the best improvements which "Uncle Sam" has made in his postal arrangements, and does credit to that good old gentleman's well-known spirit of enterprise and progression.—We would refer to the advertisement in another column. No Business House or Office is well furnished without a reliable P. O. Directory, and we know of none better than this.

OUR MUSIC STANDS,

Are kept well supplied by our publishing friends affording agreeable recreation to the musical critics in examining and "trying" the sheets so liberally furnished us.

If our musical taste fail to become cultivated, it, surely, will not be for lack of musical compositions. We have now before us a large assortment from J. L. PETERS, New York, which deserves a more extended notice than we have time or space to give.

Left All Alone. Music by J. S. Cox. Music and beautifully engraved title-page suggestive of the sad sentiment of the words. Price 40 cents.

Sweet Robin. Song and chorus, by Abram Kimmell. Price, 35 cts.

When those sweet rosy lips. Kellogg's Waltz, by Arditi. A beautiful and rather difficult song with English and Italian words. Price 75 cts.

Golden Sunset Mazurka. By J. Harmistown. Price 40 cts.

Finigan's Wake. A popular Irish song and chorus, full of Irish humor. Price 30 cts.

Skating in Central Park. A comic song for gentlemen. Price 35 cts.

Honey-suckle Set. Five easy but charming instrumental pieces: Polka, March, Schottisch, Mazurka and Quickstep. By Julius Beght. Price 35 cts.

The Gay Velocipede. A comic song for gentlemen who are earnestly trying to follow the fashion. Price 35 cts.

The Young Widow. By J. Brigham Bishop. Price 35 cts.

Infinite Joy. By Ch. Kinkel. A religious meditation. An instrumental piece. Price 50 cts.

Infinite Joy. A sacred song; music by Kinkel. Words and music full of christian hope. Price 50 cts.

Norah, My Darling, I'm Going to Leave You. A song and chorus. The farewell of an Irish emigrant to his Norah. Price 40 cts.

Inconstant Flower; for contralto or bass; music by Jacinto Marras. English and Italian words. Price 35 cts.

He Never Says a Word. A comic song with chorus; music by Eastburn. Price 30 cts.

The Last Sensations! What could these be but the Grecian Bend March and *Om Cui Waltz?* By Pierot. Price of each 40 cts.

The Morning Glory Set, consisting of a Polka, Quickstep, Waltz and Galop. The title-page of each, a mother with her two children crowned with morning glories, is a fine engraving. Quite simple but pretty. By Julius Beght. Price each 35 cts.

Far From Thee. Venzano. Words in English, German and Italian; music difficult and brilliant. Price 50 cts.

Only a Cluster of Withered Flowers. A beautiful little song; music by J. C. Meisinger.—Published by S. BRAINARD & SONS, Cleveland. Price 35 cts.

"Only a cluster of withered flowers,
A faded token of happy hours!
"Sad memories from their ashes rise;

I think of one who silent lies"—
There are few who will not appreciate the beauty of the sentiment, as well as its musical expression.

Now we come to another collection of music from the well-known publishers, Root & Cady, Chicago.

Try, John. A temperance song. Our Good Templar and Sons of Temperance Lodges should all have it. Price 30 cts.

When Sue and I Went Skating. Title and title-page, as well as words, strikingly suggestive of the haps and mishaps of skating. Music by James R. Murray. Price 40 cts.

The Prettiest Girl in Town. Song and chorus. Words and music by Howard. Price 40 cents.

When the Birds Come in Spring. A song and chorus by the same author. Price 40 cts.

A Hundred Years Hence. "A very desirable song for the conservatives who pray for a procrastination of the millennial day."—Music by John W. Hutchinson. Price 30 cts.

Golden Ringlets. A song and chorus by Edward H. Kruger. Price 30 cts.

Kiss Me When I Come Home; music by A. T. Gorham. Price 30 cts.

Velocipede Song and Chorus; music by Frank Howard. Price 40 cts.

Velocipede Waltz; by the same author. The velocipede bids fair to be famed in music and song if not in history. Price 40 cts.

Bright Eyes Waltz. An illuminated title-page with picture of *Bright Eyes;* music not difficult; by Murray. Price 40 cts.

Shower Waltz; by Lockwood. Price 35 cts.

L'Etoile Galop; by Elias Bogue. Written in five flats; a rather difficult but fine composition. Price 50 cts.

La Harpe Eolienne; Sydney Smith. This is a very beautiful composition, full of the sweet melodies that ring from the chords of the harp of the wind; not very difficult.—Price 75 cts.

La Barbe Bleue; by A. Baumbach. Price 30c.

Crossing Sweeper; a song and chorus; music by John S. Cox. Price 50 cts.

"*I'm Such a Nice Young Man.*" The title-page gives a picture of the nice young man whose name is "James Adolphus," and who is "slender, straight and tall." Music by Frank Howard. Price 40 cts.

Philander Brown; the ill-used young man—a rustic specimen of the James Adolphus sort; by the same author. Price 40 cts.

And He's Got the Money, too; by C. T. Lockwood. Price 30 cts.

Watcher Grey, or the Owl in the Ruin; a bass solo; by S. V. Bliss. Price 35 cts.

"What dost thou say, thou watcher gray,
Perched in the ruin old?
Why dost thou look from thine ivied nook,
On my eyes with gaze so bold?"

Leisure Hour; from Heller. Written in five flats; a somewhat difficult but fine instrumental composition. Price 35 cts.

The Exile; by Keller. One of the "Songs and Ballads from over the Sea." Price 30 cts.

Les Belles De Chicago, or Les Plaisirs De La Valse; by Robert Goldbeck; music worthy of the title. Let our Northwestern Belles try it. Price 60 cts.

Birdie Polka; by H. C. Schomacker. An airy, pleasing composition, but not very difficult. Price 30 cts.

Any one wishing sheet music has but to enclose the price in a letter to the respective publishers

and it will be forwarded by return mail post-paid.

We have on our table a couple of valuable musical books just received from Root & Cady of Chicago, but as we have not time for a critical review before going to press, we defer a notice of them till next issue.

Students' Report for Month Ending March 18, 1869.

Latin.—A. Miss Branch; B. Miss Eacker; C. Amelia Moor; D. Jerome Hurley.

French.—Miss Crouse.

Music.—Miss Mason's class, Miss Briggs; Miss Case's class, Miss Harvey; Miss McDaniell's class, Amelia Moor.

Vocalization.—Miss Bryant.

Thorough Bass.—Miss Bryant.

Oil Painting.—A. Miss Charles; B. Mrs. Greeley. *Pastel*.—Miss Preston. *Pencilling*, from flats, John M. Rinewalt; from objects, Miss Smith.

Gymnastics.—(1st div.) Miss Lambertson; (2d div.) Miss Pollock.

Composition.—Miss Lambertson.

Declamation.—Miss Branch.

Logic.—Miss Charles. *Criticism*.—Miss Branch.

Mental Philosophy.—Miss Charles.

Rhetoric.—Miss Eacker.

Grammar.—A. Miss Waters; B. Miss Proudfoot; C. Miss Phillips; D. Miss Turner.

Analysis.—John M. Rinewalt.

Physiology.—Miss Vail.

Natural Philosophy.—Miss Charles.

Astronomy.—Miss Eacker. *Geometry*.—A. Miss Campbell; B. Miss Eacker.

Stoddard's Algebra.—Miss Harvey. *Davies' Algebra*.—A. Miss Olmstead; B. Miss Pope.

Book-keeping.—Miss Holcomb.

Practical Arithmetic.—A. Miss Bashaw; B. Miss Johnson; C. Miss Phillips; D. Amelia Moor; E. Miss L. Strock; F. Miss Harwood. *Intellectual Arithmetic*.—A. Miss Phillips; B. Miss French; C. Miss Holcomb; D. Miss Munger; E. Mary Lichty; F. Susie Shirk.

U. S. History.—Miss Eacker. *Guyot's Geography*.—Miss Sue Strock. *Map Drawing*.—Miss Bliss. *Cotton's Geography*.—Amelia Moor. *Map Drawing*.—John M. Rinewalt. *Primary Geography*.—Mary Lichty. *Primer of Geography*.—Susie Shirk.

Reading.—*Sander's Reader*, Miss Mason; *Edward's Analytical Reader*, A. Miss Campbell, B. Miss Riley, C. Mary Lichty; *Third Reader*, Susan Colver; *Second Reader*, Susie Shirk; *First Reader*, Nellie Hostetter. *Spelling*, Miss Ruggles. *Pennmanship*, Miss Miller. *Writing on Blackboard*, Mary Hunt.

Punctuality.—Miss Helen Eacker was the only Day pupil present every morning at the call of Roll. Boarders all present.

Names of Boarding pupils who adhered STRICTLY to the general regulations of the family.—Misses Bagg, Bailey, Branch, Bryant, Bowers, Bashaw, Bosworth, Cressey, Campbell, Charles, Early, Estabrook, French, Fish, Grattan, Harvey, Hunt, Holcomb, Hathaway, Lemon, Lambertson, Mason, Munger, Miller, Olmstead, Pollock, Pope, Poole, Phillips, Preston, Parker, Raymond, Riley, Ruggles, S. Strock, L. Strock, Shrader, Shelley, Steffins, and Vail.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

New Books Received.

We hail with pleasure the advent of Gray's School and Field Book of Botany, consisting of "First Lessons in Botany," and Field, Forest and Garden Botany, bound in one volume. Published by Ivison, Phiney, Blakeman & Co., New York. In this valuable work, we have a simple introduction to the common plants of the United States, east of the Mississippi, both wild and cultivated.

While we have used Gray's "Lessons in Botany" and Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States in one volume for years, we have felt the want of an introductory work, including the common cultivated, as well as the native species of plants, giving an easier introduction to the analysis of flowers. Beginners were so often discouraged at the very outset of Botanical analysis, because the process was so complicated and gave so little satisfaction. The Botanical specimens that were within their reach, were scarcely alluded to in the Manual, and while all around them were ornamental trees, gardens with beautiful shrubs and flowers, they had no means of knowing what they were, or how to cultivate them.

But now, thanks to Prof. Gray, beginners have a simple guide to a knowledge of their Botanical names and structures. Here we have a brief and plain botanical description, or notices of 2650 species belonging to 947 genera. With patient effort in examining the blossom and fruit, students may determine the name and character of any plant they meet with.

The book is within the reach of all, and we hope to see it introduced largely into our schools.

The retail price of above work is \$2.50. A liberal discount made to Teachers on first supply for introduction. Single copies sent by mail on receipt of price. Address Ed. Cook, Superintendent of Introduction and General Agent for the Northwest, 117 and 119 State St., Chicago.

CHASE AND STUART'S CLASSICAL SERIES. *Cæsar's Commentaries*, *Cicero's Orations*, and *Virgil's Æneid*. Published by Eldridge & Bro., Philadelphia. These volumes present a most inviting appearance, being of a convenient size for the hand, the print being not too fine, and the text carefully edited, with notes; *Cæsar's Commentaries* being furnished also with a map of "Gallia," and with a convenient lexicon in the same volume.

The notes to the *Æneid* are less full than those in some other editions, perhaps less full than pupils may desire. Yet a careful use of the volumes designed to precede this in the series, may so prepare the way that these may suffice.

Among the advantages of a Classical Se-

ries, two are obvious, namely, the saving of time by a judicious, consecutive presentation of instructions and helps with the least repetition, and the securing of a familiarity with the Latin page. Each volume is recognized at once as of the family. It is to be hoped that the labor expended upon the production of this series, will be appreciated and rewarded by success in facilitating and promoting the study of the Latin language and a better acquaintance with the Latin mind in its own expressions.

SCHOOL LYRICS; *A Collection of Hymns and Tunes with selections for Reading and Chanting, and adapted to the opening and closing exercises of Schools and Seminaries*; to which is appended a complete rudimental course in Musical Notation. Edited and compiled by W. Ludden. Published by Root & Cady, 67 Washington Street, Chicago.

The selections for chanting are numerous and comprise many of our most beautiful chants, from the Lord's Prayer to Deus Miseratur. The hymns are those which all christians love to sing,—the dear, old-fashioned ones claiming their honored place.—The miscellaneous collection, though small, is very good.

By a use of the instruction in musical notation, classes may be taught elementary music both theoretically and practically.

The book is handsomely and durably bound. Truly a nice thing for the School Room, where music is had, and no school room should be without singing as an exercise of devotion, and, at times, of recreation.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by Joseph C. Martindale, M. D. Philadelphia: Eldridge & Brother. This is a small work of some hundred and sixty pages, admirably adapted to the use of young students of History, inasmuch as it fixes the prominent historical events in the mind without the parrot-like repetition of much that is not retained beyond the hour of recitation. Its *Chronological Tables* and *Review Questions* are well adapted to this purpose, and these questions might be used to advantage in connection with a larger work.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. Vol. 1. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel and Marmion*. Price, 25 cts. W. W. Swaney, 210 Fulton St., Brooklyn. He is emphatically a benefactor of his fellow-creatures who places within their reach good, pure and true books. This volume of two of Scott's best poems is printed on a good quality of paper, in clear type and has a complete appendix of explanatory notes. All can now enjoy the works of this well-loved poet and novelist. They are no longer to be treasured in Turkey morocco and gilt, while trashy novels are strewn broadcast over the land. Such editions of our standard literature is better than volumes of sermons against these same novels.

In April Vol. II will be published, containing "The Lady of the Lake," "Don Roderrick" and "Pokeby." In May, Vol. III,— "The Bridal of Triermain," "Field of Waterloo," "The Lord of the Isles" and "Harold the Dauntless." In June, Vol. IV.— "Contributions to the Minstrelsy of the Border," Ballads and Miscellaneous Pieces. In July, Vol. V.—Dramas—"Halidon Hill," "Macduff's Cross," "The Doom of Devergoil," "Auchindrane," "The House of Aspen," "Index and Contents of Complete Work."—Price, 25 cts. each.

OUR READING ROOM.

First claiming our attention by its solid merit, is that valuable quarterly, *THE NEW ENGLANDER*. The January number opens with an article upon the System of Instruction at West Point, and the Feasibility of Employing it in our Colleges. It gives an entertaining account of the internal economy of our Military Academy. With reference to the question considered we can speak advisedly, as some of the prominent features of the West Point management have been satisfactorily tested in our own school. We refer more particularly to the system of marking, and the method of conducting mathematical recitations.

Article II. How to Build a Nation. This is from the pen of Rev. J. P. Thompson, D. D., of New York City. It is ably written, full of clear argument and happy illustration, but upon one point we must differ with the author, viz., on woman's right to labor, and, if suffrage be the "open sesame" to fields of labor less crowded and therefore more remunerative than the three, of domestic labor, sewing and teaching, in which the whole sisterhood are huddled, a right to vote. Granting, as the author says, that woman is ornamental, delicate, too fragile for other than the "gentle occupations of the household;" who will take this delicate ornament and place it in a niche so high that it cannot be reached by clamorous want? "What shall we do for our sister," who, fatherless, brotherless, husbandless, moneyless, stands starving in those crowded fields and pleads for work?

Then, some women have a sort of pride in being considered citizens of the United States. Few of them aspire to the Executive Chair of the State or General Government, but they would like to have a voice in that which decides so many questions vital to their own happiness and interest. As for *chivalry* which the author uses as a principal argument, good men will always be and have always been chivalrous, whether it be in our enlightened nineteenth century, or in the days of knight-errantry. Woman will dispense with soft compliments, the honey and sweetmeats, at least until she can earn

some bread with which it can be eaten.

Article III. The Renaissance in China. This alone is worth the whole number—full of information from one who is reliable authority, the Rev. Dr. Martin, Professor in the new Imperial College at Peking, China.

Article IV. American Colleges and American Public. This is from Prof. Noah Porter of Yale College and is, like the remaining articles of this number, both interesting and instructive.

We do not know how any more valuable reading matter can be obtained for so small a sum as three dollars than by subscribing for *The New Englander*.

Address W. L. Kingsley, New Haven, Conn. "THE STANDARD." Church & Goodman, 110 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. An excellent religious and family newspaper, of which the Baptists of the Northwest have just reason to be proud. It has contributions from such writers as Baron Stow, D. D., Robert Boyd, D. D., and other eminent men, touching upon all matters of interest to the family and church, besides local and foreign political and religious news.

THE IOWA HOMESTEAD, and *Western Farm Journal*. G. Sprague & Co. Des Moines, Iowa. An eight page weekly, illustrated. Every number has valuable articles on Agriculture, Horticulture, Bee Raising, Stock, and, in short, everything of interest to the farmer, gardener, or the owner of a little country-home. The department called The Fireside, by the way, would delight the dwellers in that "home."

THE ADVANCE. Advance Co., Chicago, Ill. The name is no misnomer and speaks well for the paper and the Congregationalists as a denomination. Its columns contain the best order of reading matter for the family, not excluding Our Young Folks, whose columns are well filled. It gives clear glimpses into the religious and political world, at home and abroad.

THE ART JOURNAL, *An American Review of the Fine Arts*. J. F. Aitken & Co., Chicago, Ill. The February number has a number of interesting articles; Fine Arts in America, The Pre-Raphaelites, Leaves from the Autobiography of an American Artist, Art in New York, in Europe, in Chicago, and in Boston, Excerpts from F. O. C. Darley's Sketches Abroad, &c.

Artists and those interested in art will find this Journal to be just what they need.

FARMERS' HOME JOURNAL. James L. Miller, Lexington, Ky. This paper is, as it professes to be, devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Education, Science and Pure Literature. The Family Circle and Children's Department have very entertaining and instructive reading, besides the articles on farming, gardening, stock raising, &c. A wide-awake Journal. See advertisement in another column.

THE "HOME MAGAZINE." "ONCE A MONTH," AND "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. The April number of the "*Home Magazine*" is as fresh and charming as the month, from the two beautiful engravings which first meet the eye to the interesting articles in the "Editor's Department." The stories are not sensational, the fashion department, instructions to house-keepers, and patterns with directions for fancy work are complete; while the "Boys' and Girls' Treasury" is a Treasury indeed of just what interests and profits boys and girls. Terms—\$2 a year.

Once a Month is literally "much in little," compact in form and size, it is filled with a great deal of excellent reading matter.—There are original articles from our best authors and selections from foreign periodicals. "Triumph on the Wing" by Michelet is illustrated by a beautifully engraved frontispiece. Terms—\$2 a year.

"*The Children's Hour*," a magazine for the Little Ones. This is a delightful little magazine, full of pictures and stories that the little ones love. Let the children have it to read and look at and admire and keep all for their own. It will form a taste for pure and good reading that after years will not be likely to pervert. Terms—\$1.25 a year.

HEARTH AND HOME. Address Pettin-gill, Bates & Co., 37 Park Row, New York. The names of the editors, Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe, give this paper a stamp of merit, which a reading of the columns only confirms. It is a folio of sixteen pages copiously illustrated, and contains articles from our best authors upon Farming, with kindred topics; Architecture; Gardening; Fruit and Flower Culture; choice literary productions, including stories, sketches, biographies, poems, &c., from Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, and others. Terms—\$4 a year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND FOR APRIL.—"The Fortune-Teller" is the subject of the fine steel engraving which leads off the last number of this charming monthly. This is followed by a handsome and refined steel plate of the latest Paris fashions. Then we have a striking picture of an Avalanche among the Alps, followed by a number of engravings devoted to ladies and children's dresses, bodices, fancy work, etc. The music for this number is the popular song, "Pulling hard against the Stream." As to the literary contents, that powerful and deeply interesting story, "Roland Yorke," by the famous author of "East Lynne," and the spirited and fascinating story, "Between Two," by Miss Elizabeth Prescott, are continued; with the complete stories of "The Miracle of the Dice," by Mrs. Spofford; "Keeping Toll-Gate," by Miss Bolles (August Bell); "Eleanor Wyvern's Crown," by Leslie Walter; "Samuel Barker's Sister," by Frances Lee, and Editorials, Fashionable Intelligence, etc. Published by Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year (which also includes a large

steel engraving). Four copies, \$6. Five copies (and one gratis), \$8. "The Lady's Friend" and "The Saturday Evening Post" (and one engraving), \$4.00.

BEST BOOK FOR EVERY BODY.—The new Illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the best book for every body that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.—*Golden Era*.

New Advertisements.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS. IN OIL AND WATER COLORS.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS are fac-simile reproductions of oil and water color paintings; so faithfully and skilfully done that it requires the experience of an expert to detect the difference between them and the originals.

For every purpose of decoration,—for parlors, sitting-rooms, drawing-rooms, nurseries, or chambers,—nothing so exquisitely beautiful as these Chromos can be obtained for the same amount of money. No other ornaments of the same cost are so admirably calculated to adorn a home; to cultivate a love for Art among the people at large; to brighten up the dwellings of every class of our citizens; and to teach the rising generation, by their silent yet refining influence, to love the beautiful in Art, and in nature. Hitherto, Art has been aristocratic in its associations,—none but the wealthy classes could afford to buy fine works of art; but chromo-lithography has changed all that, and brought exquisite paintings within the reach of every family. It is doing for Art what the printing-press did for Literature. Let no family, henceforth, be without a few classical books, and one or two masterly paintings. Both should be regarded as indispensable to complete a home.

Vol. XIV. THE HOMESTEAD 1869.

AND WESTERN FARM JOURNAL,

AN OFFICIAL STATE PAPER, published at the CAPITAL OF IOWA, weekly, contains full list of names, with the P. O. address of officers of State and County Agricultural and Horticultural Societies in Iowa.

Is the only leading agricultural paper north of St. Louis, and west of the Mississippi river, and to persons who think of

REMOVING TO THE WEST,

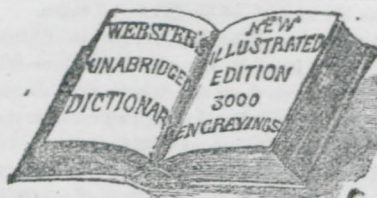
or to breeders of farm stock, and dealers in implements, etc., it will be of great value. To accommodate those who wish to remove to the west, we will send it the short term.

Terms: One year, \$2; Six mos., \$1; Three mos. 60 cts.

The Farm Journal being taken by every County in Iowa, through legal enactment, and kept on file by all the County Clerks in the State, it will readily be seen that it is unequaled as an advertising medium west of the Mississippi river. Address

HOMESTEAD & FARM JOURNAL,
Des Moines, Iowa.

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WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY
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10,000 Words and Meanings not in other Dictionaries.

Viewed as a whole, we are confident that no other living language has a dictionary which so fully and faithfully sets forth its present condition as this last edition of Webster does that of our written and spoken English tongue.—*Harper's Magazine*.

These three books are *sum total of great libraries*: the Bible, Shakspeare, and Webster's Royal Quarto.—*Chicago Even'g Jour*.
The New WEBSTER is glorious—it is perfect—it distances and defies competition—it leaves nothing to be desired.—*J. H. Raymond, LL. D., Pres't Vassar College*.

The most useful and remarkable compendium of human knowledge in our language.—*W. S. Clark, Pres't Mass. Agricultural College*

WEBSTER'S NATIONAL PICTORIAL DICTIONARY.

1040 Pages Octavo. 609 Engravings. Price \$6.

The work is really a gem of a Dictionary, just the thing for the million.—*American Educational Monthly*.

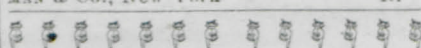
Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

Webster's Prim'y Sch'l Dic'y, 204 Engr'gs.

" Common "	275
" High "	297
" Academic "	333
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A new and wonderful invention, winds up like a clock, kills rats, gophers, squirrels, mice, &c., throws them away and sets itself quick as its name indicates. One trap and terms to receive full express on receipt of one dollar. Address



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As the papers are filled with accidents from want of lightning conductors of sufficient capacity, and as the country is flooded with unscrupulous and irresponsible hawkers of lightning rods, iron, plain or galvanized with zinc, copper rods, square, star-shaped, triangular, twisted, fluted, flat and of every other conceivable form, we again invite the attention of intelligent readers to the merits of the Copper Scroll, upon which tens of thousands have placed their trust, and have not found it wanting. It is the only Rod made upon strictly scientific principles.

Prof. Henry, of Smithsonian Institute, who knows more about atmospheric electricity than any other man living, says: "Lightning rods should be round, and as smooth as possible."

Prof. Lovering, of Harvard University, declares all irregularities are objectionable, and TWISTING SERIOUSLY INJURES THE CONDUCTING POWER OF THE ROD.

But we do not rely solely on the testimony of electricians. During the past nine years more of our rods have been sold in the North-west than all other varieties, and in no instance have they failed to prove a perfect protection.

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Secretary.

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25 sorts of either Seeds \$1.00.—

True Cape Cod Cranberry with directions for culture on high or low land. New fragrant Everblooming Japan Honeysuckle, charming new hardy vine. 50 cents each. \$5.00 per doz., prepaid. New Early Rose Potato, 75 cents per lb. 5 lbs. \$3.00 prepaid. Priced Catalogues to any address, also trade lists, gratis. Seeds on Commission. Agents wanted.

B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Establishment, Plymouth, Mass. Established 1842.

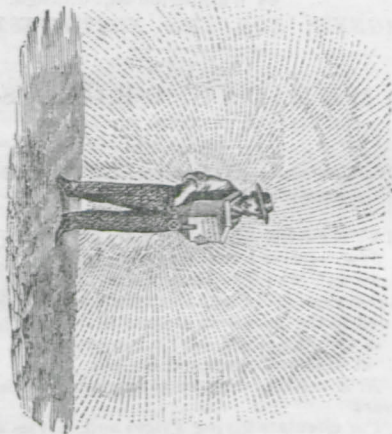
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WONDERFUL RAPIDITY.

Perfectly regular and
EVEN DISTRIBUTION OF THE SEED.

Cahoon's Patent
BROADCAST SEED SOWER.

For Sowing Grain and Grass Seed.



This machine has been in use in a few localities for the past ten years, and has proved itself by long trial to be an invaluable implement. The proprietor of the Patent having been largely engaged in another branch of business, neglected to bring it into public notice.

The subscribers having long known it to be an efficient and very much needed machine by agriculturists everywhere, have recently bought, at large expense, the entire right of manufacture and sale of it, throughout the United States, and are now prepared to supply the trade.

The greatest value of this implement consists in the fact that it distributes the grain evenly in the most perfect manner, thus insuring a larger crop than can be obtained from any other mode of seeding.

Its operation is so simple that anybody can readily use it.

The Hand Machine sow from 6 to 8 acres of wheat per hour, and the Power Machines from 15 to 20. It sows

WHEAT, RYE, BARLEY, HEMP, OATS, CLOVER, and HERDS GRASS or TIMOTHY SEED perfectly, and is invaluable for sowing Guano, Superphosphate, or any dry Fertilizer.

We want every farmer in this country to buy one of these machines. Buy them of the nearest dealer in Agricultural Implements, if you can, but if you cannot, we will box and forward by express a Hand Machine on receipt of Ten Dollars, and a Power Machine on receipt of Sixty Dollars. We make a liberal discount to the trade.

We would furnish hundreds of testimonials, but have room only for the following:

PORTLAND, MAINE, October 29th, 1868.
MESSRS. D. H. GOODELL & CO., of ANTRIM, N. H., have this day purchased of me the SOLE RIGHT to manufacture and sell "CAHOON BROADCAST SEED SOWERS" in the United States. They will soon be able to supply the largely increasing demand, and all orders should be addressed as above.

The validity of this patent has been fully established after one of the most exhaustive suits known to Patent Law, and fully believing any practical Seed Sower operating by centrifugal force to be an infringement,

I caution the Public against buying or selling any other than the "CAHOON MACHINE," as all infringements will be Promptly Prosecuted.

HENRY H. FURBISH.

Assignee of all Cahoon Seed Sower Patents.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May, 14th 1868.

GENTLEMEN:—The "CAHOON BROADCAST SEED SOWER," Hand and Power, are universally used in California, and give entire satisfaction. We sell no other, and no other could sell along side of them. They are the very embodiment of utility.

Yours Respectfully,

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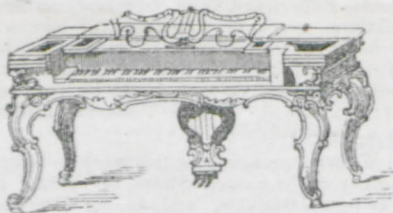
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